



F I T Z - G I G G O, *Mr. Burhe* A New ENGLISH UPROAR; with the WAY TO MAKE HIM; Or, A NEW OVERTURE upon the OLD SCORE;

As it was performed at the THEATRE ROYAL in COVENT-GARDEN, by Mr. BEARD, Miss BRENT, Sig. TENDUCCI, Mr. SMITH, Mr. WOODWARD, PIT, BOXES, GALLERIES, &c. &c. The Words adapted (*al Burlesquo*) to the favourite Airs in the Opera of *ARTAXERXES*.

The THIRD EDITION. Price Six-pence. Nothing under the FULL PRICE can be taken.

ACT I. SCENE I.
Enter Miss BRENT and Sig. TENDUCCI.
Miss BRENT.

RECITATIVO.
INSTEAD of Silence—what a Noise is here?
Methinks the Audience are mighty queer.

TENDUCCI.
I will away to quell these Mutineers,
Adieu—I'll send a File of Musqueteers.

Miss BRENT.
Yet stay Tenducci—for perhaps such Force,
Instead of quelling them, may make 'em worse;

DUETTING.
(Dear Aurora, prithee stay.)
Pray, Fitzgiggo, let us play,
Or go quietly away;
Think how much we undergo;
Answer General—Yes or No.

Enter Mr. BEARD in a Hurry.
RECITATIVO.
Ha! what the Devil can they mean by this?
Something is surely very much amiss;
Shall I, shall I, who am your chief Commander,
Be hiss'd at thus, by every Goose and Gander.

A I R.
(In Infancy our Hopes and Fears.)
By Miss BRENT (To Mr. BEARD.)
To mitigate our hopeless Fears
Submit and please the Town;
They'll throw the Seats about our Ears,
And tear the Boxes down:

(To the Audience.)
O clear him then of this Offence,
The Scenes and Sconces spare;
Consider but his great Expence,
And Oh, how small his Share!

Grand Chorus by the Pit.
Yes or No!—Yes or No!

RECITATIVO.
Mr. BEARD.
I pray now, Gentlemen, but grant this Favour,
I always have perform'd my best Endeavour.
To please your different Tastes and Disposition,
Therefore I beg you'd hear my poor Petition,
Nor think me guilty of an Imposition.

A I R.
Mr. BEARD.
(Let not Rage thy Bosom fire.)
Let not Rage this House set Fire on,
Pity, tho' you disapprove;
Sure your Hearts are hard as Iron,
When an Op'ra cannot move:
See your fav'rite Brent a fainting,
See Tenducci stiff appears;
Save each gentle Bosom panting,
Disseminate their tender Fears.
Cease, Fitzgiggo—Cease inquiring
Into manageric Arts;
Sit as ye were wont, admiring
How we all perform our Parts:

Cease, ye Bucks, to make a Riot,
Let no dreadful Noise be heard;
Prithee let us be at quiet,
Nor distress your JOHNNY BEARD.

RECITATIVO.
From the Pit.
We'll hear no more—Say then, before you go—
Answer the Question—Will ye? Yes or No.

CHORUS.
By the whole House.
Yes or No!—Yes or No!
Yes or No!—Yes or No!

RECITATIVO.
Mr. BEARD.
To say the Truth—I tell ye all together,
It is not in my Power to say either;
But this I say—I've got as good a Band,
(I flatter me) as any in the Land.

OMNES.
Off! off! Sir, off! at once inform the Town:
Either your House, your Pride, or Price must down.

Mr. BEARD.
There never was an Opera before
At common Price—And so I'll say no more.
[Exit in a Passion.]

TENDUCCI.
Ah me, Miss Brent—what must we do?
Miss BRENT.
I cannot tell—Sweet Signior, what say you?

A I R.
Sig. TENDUCCI.
(If e'er the cruel Tyrant Love.)
If e'er such cruel Tyrants reign'd
At Operas before;
Pray what would Eunuchs e'er have gain'd
By Bravo and Encore?
Forbear to fan this raging Flame
Which Fitzgiggo did create;
Nor let your Rage supplant your Shame,
To fix Theatric Fate.
Then cease to tear the Boxes down,
And terrify each Heart;
For oh I find the Town inclin'd
To take Fitzgiggo's Part.

RECITATIVO.
By the Upper Gallery.
Begin the Dust! and let the Benches fly!
This Treatment, Gentlemen, is all my Eye.
Middle Gallery.
Why Johnny Beard! Jack Beard, why don't you come?
Begin! Begin; 'Tis plain its all a Hum.

Miss BRENT.
Signior Tenducci we had best retire;
TENDUCCI.
We must, or all the Fat will be in the Fire.

Miss BRENT.
Hark! hark! the Seats and Boxes 'gin to chatter!
The Windows jingle! and the Sconces clatter!
They come! they come! Fitzgiggo leads 'em on;
Signior Tenducci—let us now be gone.

Then haste, ye Dancers, Singers do not stay,
And well drest Fiddlers prithee sneak away.

Exeunt Ambo.
CHORUS. *By the Pit.*
(For his Father he lost when he murder'd his King.)
Then since Beard comes no more let's to work in a Trice,
For our Favour he lost, when he rais'd the full Price.
Grand Babel-building Chorus, by the whole house of
Bucks, Bloods, &c. clattering, clapping, cracking, tearing,
rending, &c. &c. &c.

A C T II. and Last.

The Way to make him;
O R,

A New Overture upon the Old Score.

RECITATIVO PRIMO.
By FITZGIGGO properly accompanied.
IT must be so—the Town shall be obey'd,
Come then, my Bloods and Bucks, be not afraid;
With horrid Noise and hissing let us shake him,
For that you'll find—the only Way to make him.

A I R. *(To the Fifth of Vivaldi.)*
With a damn'd Noise and Thunder,
We'll make him now submit;
Or else again we'll plunder
The Boxes and the Pit.

SYMPHONY *by the Gods and Goddesses.*
(Da Capo) With a damn'd Noise, &c.

RECITATIVO.
Enter BEARD.
Tho' this Fitzgiggo is a doughty Wight,
I'll find the Way to win him here to-night.

A I R. *By Mr. BEARD.*
(Water parted from the Sea)
Tho' you're parted thus from me,
And upbraid my heart with pride;
Yet you all shall soon agree:
Soon this fatal Rage subside.

(aside)
For in search of lost Repose,
Doom'd, like me, forlorn you'd stray,
Were it not, ye Bloods and Beaux,
For the Opera and the Play.

RECITATIVO. *By Mr. BEARD.*
Then since it must be so—good Gents I will
Banish full Prices henceforth from my Bill.
FITZGIGGO and AUDIENCE.
That's not enough, Sir,—'tis our Resolution
You must (for those in Quod) drop Prosecution

A I R
(The first air in the school of Anacreon.)
Since it is my hapless Fate
To bring Misfortune on my Pate;
Prompter, quickly ring the Bell.
Enter WOODWARD.
All is well that ends well.